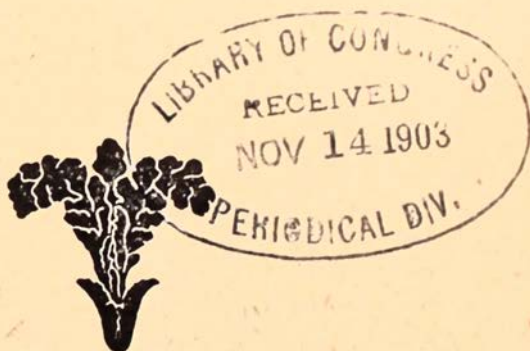


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Ye Quaint Magazine



Vol 4

NOVEMBER

No. 3

YE QUAIN'T MAGAZINE,

19

Boston, Mass.

03.

OJO DE BUEY,

THE MARVELOUS MYSTICISM OF
THE OX'S EYE.—A New Problem for
Students of the Occult. : : : : :

From the Semi-Orient comes the wonderful problem of Ojo de Buey, which students of occult research throughout the world are uniting in a supreme effort to solve. To achieve this end every individual interested in occult phenomena is urged to assist by means of personal experience and discovery. Ojo de Buey is a beautiful, jewel-like product turned out from the great laboratory of Nature. In size and appearance it resembles an ox's eye. For thousands of years the natives of the Semi-Orient have known of the virtues of Ojo de Buey and its remarkable talismanic powers, which in these latter days travelers and sailors, while gation are seeing its powers. The natives firmly believe that the possessor of Ojo de Buey is effectively protected and the Evil Eye; that his Vitality and Vigor will be Preserved and that he will be Fortunate and Successful in all his Undertakings.



But the most wonderful phenomenon connected with this jewel and which is riveting the attention of great minds throughout the world is the power it has of enabling a person gazing steadily at it to see, reflected on its polished surface, scenes of the most interesting and incidents occurring around him. It is a phenomenon connected with friends or enemies, with their varying expressions, appear to the gazer with a vividness that is startling. We have on file many proofs of its remarkable powers which make it of inestimable value to its possessor. Naturally the number of Ojo de Buey is limited, but for the purpose of obtaining the experiences of intelligent people they will be distributed among those interested in this country and England. Accordingly, the following offer is made:

This wonderful jewel will be sent in a jewel case with full instructions, on receipt of one dollar, the only condition being that those receiving it write us describing their experiences and impressions (except, of course, those of a private character). Any one choosing to do so may return talisman within 30 days and receive deposit dollar back.

GEO. E. BENTON & CO., 131 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

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AND SURGERY.

George W. Boskowitz, M. D.,
EDITOR.

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RE-OPENED

LUNDIN'S

TURKISH BATHS

¶The finest and most modern
baths in the city now re-opened
after extensive alterations and
renovations Gentlemen week-
day afternoons, all night and
Sunday mornings. Ladies week-
day mornings and Sunday after-
noons.

ADOLPH LUNDIN, Propr.

176 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

UNDER TREMONT THEATRE

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Attracted by this cheery magnet, our spirit would, of course, rush toward it, and, entering without resistance the uncurtained windows, would make one of the circle within. Let us follow him just in time.

"John, draw the curtains before you go out, and put some wood upon the fire; we will not have candles yet." The speaker is a fine, cheery old gentleman, who sits warming his hands and rubbing his knees before the roaring, crackling blaze, with the air of one who thoroughly enjoys him-

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self. A little more in the corner is a quite, kind-looking old lady, busily employed in knitting some dainty wool into a little fairy stocking. The hall door opens, and after a little interval two tall young men enter, and, coming gladly to the fire, exchange merry yet respectful greetings with their parents. One of these newcomers is a fine, tall lad of eighteen or twenty; he has just come home from the parsonage, where he studies with the Rev. Dr. Dale, who glories much in our prospective honors at old Cambridge. The elder brother, though young, is a man with a beard to his chin, and as he enters and looks around the large, low drawing-room his wistful glance seems to say that there is "a nearer one yet, and a dearer one," whom he fain would greet. At last he says "Where is Alice to-night, mother?" "She went up stairs just now to nurse the baby. I suppose she did not hear you come in," says grandmamma.

Edward Mervale turns toward the door, but before he reaches it some one opens it from without, and his young wife enters eagerly. "I thought I heard you, dear," she says, and scruples not to put her dainty arms about his neck and kiss him lovingly, although Sir James laughs and asks Henry if he does not wish he was such a happy fellow as his brother Edward. "Oh, Henry's time will come," says Edward, smilingly as he seats his wife in the corner of the comfortable sofa, and draws a cushion for himself close to her feet.

"I am glad that you have come home, Edward, and that we are all so comfortable in the house tonight" says Alice softly, as she parts the dark hair upon her husband's brow and smoothes it with her little jewelled fingers.

"Why do you speak with so much empressment, pet?" asks Edward, laughingly, and kissing the other soft hand which he holds in one of his.

"Oh, I don't know, dear, unless—but don't laugh at me—it is because nurse has been telling me such awful stories about noises and sights in that old castle O'Rafferty where she was brought up; and finally, when she said the wind wailed just like a Banshee that haunted the castle before any of them were to die, and that perhaps we had one, too, I almost fainted with terror."

"Poor pet" said Edward laughing.

"A Banshee! did Nora ever see it?" asked Sir James eagerly.

"I don't know, papa ; she did not say ; but do you believe in it, sir?" asked Alice, with some surprise, for Sir James did not laugh at all, and had even turned a little pale.

"I can't say, child ; I should not, certainly, believe any such thing, but that I myself, many years ago, saw and heard something so very strange."

"Oh, do please, papa, tell us all about it," exclaimed Alice and Henry, while Lady Mervale laid down the little sock and looked curiously up, and even Edward raised himself to a seat beside his wife, and turned his face attentively towards his father.

"Well, children," said the old man, at last, "I will tell you what I know but I cannot pretend to explain it, or force you to believe more than, that what passed was no fiction of my brain, but an actual occurrence :

"Just after I left college, and before I had met the fairy who was to convert a wild young scapegrace into a sober country squire (eh, wife?) I was invited by Sir Dennis Sullivan, with whom I had been very intimate at Oxford, to accompany him home to his old castle in Galway, and have a few weeks' shooting and fishing with him. 'There is not much to recommend about my old rat-trap in itself,' said he, 'but there is a garrison town within ten miles of us, and we shall, no doubt, find some jolly fellows among the officers who will help us to put on the time for a month or so, and then I will come up to London with you again.'

Well we went ; Sir Dennis had some fine dogs, and we took down our horses, so what with riding, shooting and going to mess dinners at—we did not lack for amusement. We had gone on in this way for about a month when one morning, just as the gray dawn was making darkness visible, I was awakened by some one opening my chamber door. I started up and saw Sir Dennis standing by my bedside in his dressing-gown. He held a lighted candle in his hand, and, by its light, I saw that he was ghastly pale. The perspiration stood in great drops upon his forehead, although the morning was raw and chilly, and the fire had not been lighted in my chamber. I was about to speak, when, holding up his hand, Sir Dennis asked, hoarsely, 'Did you hear it?'

'Good heavens, Sullivan ! What do you mean ? Hear what?'

‘The Banshee.’

‘What do you mean, man?’ asked I again, for I had never heard the word before. ‘What is a Banshee?’

‘Did you not hear a strain of wild, sad music, the Banshee’s voice?’ asked Sir Dennis again, not answering my question.

‘Music? you have been dreaming, Dennis’ said I half angrily, for he had startled me prodigiously. ‘And even if you had heard music what is there so frightful about that?’

‘Is it possible you have never heard of a Banshee?’

‘Never. What may it, she or he be?’ asked I drily.

‘It is a spirit which, when a member of the family to which it attaches itself is about to die, is heard, and sometimes seen flitting solemnly around the mansion, and pausing at the window of the doomed person she wails out their death-song. Such a song awakened me this morning, and the third day from this Castle Sullivan will be without an owner.’

Repressing the feeling of conviction which his solemn words aroused in my heart, I tried to persuade or ridicule my friend out of this belief; but I plainly saw that my efforts were entirely without success. Breakfast was almost untasted and when we arose from the silent meal, I proposed to Sir Dennis that we should ride over to——and dine with the mess according to a standing invitation which had been given us. My friend assented listlessly, and we were soon upon the road.

The day passed gayly on; I had given a hint to one or two of our more intimate friends, and the good-natured fellows exerted themselves to amuse and interest Sir Dennis, who was a great favorite with them all. For his part he passed continually from deep abstraction to wild and reckless gaiety. The dinner was prolonged indefinitely, and was succeeded by one, and perhaps more, steaming bowls of punch so that it was far in the ‘wee small hours ayont the twal,’ when we mounted for our homeward ride. We were both too much fatigued to care for conversation, and so rode rapidly and silently homeward. I arrived first, and was just dismounting when Sir Dennis entered the gate. As he passed under the arch, his horse, a splendid fellow, who was never known to miss his footing on the roughest hillside, stumbled on the smooth gravel, and threw his rider over his

head. We all rushed toward Sir Dennis who lay perfectly motionless and stunned. We raised and carried him to his chamber; and then, not liking to trust one of the servants, who all seemed too bewildered and terror-stricken to be of any use, I mounted my horse again, and returned to — for the regimental surgeon, who was a very skillful medical man and a warm friend to poor Sir Dennis. He was very willing to come and accompanied me back. As we entered the courtyard, the castle clock struck five, and I remembered hearing that hour proclaimed as Sir Dennis entered my chamber on the previous morning.

‘How singularly the wind moans around these old walls!’ said Dr. Lee, with a shiver, as we pulled up at the door. ‘It sounds like the wail of an accursed spirit.’ I shuddered at the strange comparison, remembering the scene of twenty-four hours previous, but I said nothing. After hallooing for some time, the groom came out to take our horses: but the fellow seemed so scared and bewildered that the reproof I was about to utter for his tardiness died on my tongue. I would not ask an explanation of his evident agitation, for I feared to hear my suspicions confirmed: and I hurried the doctor into the house, and through a crowd of pale and frightened servants, who stood huddled in the hall. Among them was old Bridget, who had been the nurse of my poor friend in childhood, and who still lingered at the castle—waiting as Dennis once said, to nurse the next heir. The old woman sat on a low stool in the chimney corner, her apron thrown over her head; and, as she rocked backward and forward, she moaned out broken sentences and exclamations.

‘Ochone, ochone!—oh, wurra, wurra!—that the pride of my ould heart should lie so low, an’ I that wud ha’ died to save him. Och shure, and ye might ha’ called us all, an’ ye hed left our darlint, our brave young masther!’

‘What does she mean by that?’ asked Dr. Lee, as we ascended the stairs. I shook my head and led the way to Sir Dennis’ chamber. We found him alone; the frightened servants had fled, probably on hearing the mysterious warning; but their master did not miss their attendance, for he still lay insensible. The doctor examined him carefully.

‘Ah, poor fellow, poor fellow!’ said he ‘tis as I feared—a concussion

of the brain. He struck upon his head, you said?’

‘Yes.’

‘He will probably not rouse again, I shall do what I can for him but I fear all my efforts will be without result.’

This sad foreboding was correct: all remedies failed of effect, and the day was spent in fruitless exertions. Toward night the doctor was forced to return to —, to attend to his regular duties; but promised to be with us early the next morning. I attended him to the door, and then returned to take charge of the sick man for the night. I directed some of the servants to remain in the hall through the night, to answer my bell in case I should need assistance, but, owing to their evident terror—which, in fact incapacitated them from being of any service—I would not retain any of them in my friend’s chamber; but drawing a large arm-chair to the bedside, and wrapping myself in my cloak, I commenced my solitary vigil.

Slowly the night dragged on; Sir Dennis had as yet shown no sign of life since his accident, save a dull, thick beating of the heart, and a regular, heavy breathing. About four o’clock, however, I perceived a slight twitching of the muscles of the face, apparently denoting returning consciousness. Dr. Lee had left minute directions as to what was to be done in this case, and I immediately rung the bell for assistance. No one came; the convulsive motions became more violent, and finally the eyelids flew open exposing the unconscious eyes, which, with their dull, glazed, vacant stare, imparted such a weird and horrible effect to the white and shrunken face, half revealed by the dim light of the shaded lamp, that I started back in horror. Frantically I rushed to the bell rope, and gave a pull which left the cord in my hand. I heard the far-off tinkle of the bell, but no other sound met my ear. Muttering some words which had better been left unsaid, I lighted a candle and ran down stairs to find, and bring—by force, if necessary—some one to assist in applying the remedies which Dr. Lee had ordered to be tried on the least return of consciousness. In the servants’ hall I found no one but old Bridget, still seated on her low stool and rocking to and fro in the same monotonous manner. All the other servants had fled, either to the remoter parts of the house, or to the cottage hard by. I shook the old woman by the arm, and after some time

brought her to understand that she must follow me at once. As soon as I saw her ready to do so, I hurried again up stairs, slowly followed by the old crone, for impossible as it had been to avoid it I felt it terrible to leave a person alone in the situation in which I had last seen Sir Dennis. As we reached the head of the stairs, and turned down the corridor leading to the sick man's room, a gust of wind extinguished my candle, and at the same moment a sound such as I never heard before or since, and which nothing mortal is capable of producing, enveloped us in a cloud. That sound—how can I describe it? A wail of agonized sweetness—a chant as of an exiled angel mourning departed joys full of a strange, thrilling, awe-inspiring, dreadful beauty. It filled the air, so that each particle found a separate voice to give it utterance. I quivered to the very centre of my frame, each hair rose separately on my head, and heaven and earth seemed to pass away, leaving me to float forever in an eternity of that fearful sound. When I recovered consciousness, my first impulse was to rush forever from that accursed place; but I did not yield to it, I remembered my friend and, with a footstep which I in vain tried to render firm, I sought his room. The old woman had disappeared, I knew not where. As I approached the bedside, I was not surprised—indeed, nothing would surprise me then—to see Sir Dennis sitting upright, his eyes turned toward the window, and a look of mortal horror imprinted on his ghastly features. I touched him and spoke his name, he neither felt nor heard me. Slowly, reluctantly, yet irresistibly, my eyes followed the direction of his fixed gaze. That fearful presence:—I see it now as I saw it in that moment: floating on the blackness of the night, dimly seen through the uncurtained window, a male form, clad in flowing white drapery, enveloped in golden hair which shed a faint luminous glow upon the whole figure, the features obscured by a gauzy mist, and the arms extended with a summoning gesture toward the sick man. Again, now evidently from those veiled lips, welled out the requiem—the death dirge—more piercingly clear—more awfully sweet than before. For the only time in my life I fainted and sank senseless to the floor beside my friend's death-bed. When I revived it was broad daylight, and I found Dr. Lee bending anxiously over me. 'Sir Dennis?' I asked on regaining full recollection.

‘Gone,’ answered the doctor, sadly.

Dr. Lee promised to conduct the funeral, and to summon the heir-at-law; so that very day I left Galway, nor have I set foot in Ireland since.”

A long silence followed Sir James Mervale's concluding words, and the room grew dark and gloomy, till the elder lady, silently rising, rung for candles and tea, while Alice stole softly up stairs to make sure that all was well with the baby, and to bid nurse never again to mention a Banshee.

Massachusetts, December, 1857.



FORGOT HIMSELF.

The following story is told illustrating the connubial felicity of the Scotchman :—

“Once at a party there was a crusty old Scot seated at a whist table, playing passionately, and his partner was a young woman, the daughter of a neighboring laird. You can imagine this young woman's surprise, in the heart of the game, when the old fellow threw down his cards and bawled at her :—

“ ‘What kind of a game are ye playin' ye darned auld——’

“And then recollecting himself, he bowed, and said humbly to the outraged girl :—

“ ‘Your pardon's begged, madam. I took ye, in the excitement, for my ain wife.’ ”



A TASTY DESSERT.

A Titusville woman, who is noted for her skill in the culinary art, had some company for dinner the other day. When dessert was passed one of the guests remarked upon the beautiful appearance of a pie and enquired how she got such pretty “scallop” on the edge. “Oh that is easy, I use my false teeth.”

Odd Breaks of Speech.

A coroner's jury in Maine reported that: "Deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

An old French lawyer, writing of an estate he had just bought, added: "There is a chapel upon it in which my wife and I wish to be buried if God spares our lives."

A Michigan editor received some verses not long ago with the following note of explanation: "These lines were written fifty years ago by one who has, for a long time, slept in his grave merely for pastime."

A certain physician, lately condemning the government for its policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry."

An orator at one of the university unions bore off the palm when he declared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India, or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns nor retire into its shell."

A reporter in describing the murder of a man named Jorkin said: "The murderer was evidently in quest of money, but luckily Mr. Jorkin had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so that he lost nothing but his life."

An Oklahoma editor expresses his thanks for a basket of oranges thus: "We have received a basket of oranges from our friend Gus Bradley, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly six inches in diameter."

The Morning Post, in 1812 made the following statement: "We congratulate ourselves most on having torn off Corbett's mask and revealed his cloven foot. It was high time that this hydra head of fiction should be soundly rapped over the knuckles."

A clergyman in an English town warned his hearers lately "not to walk in a slippery path, lest they be sucked, maelstromlike into its meshes!" This metaphor suggests that of another clergyman, who prayed that the word might be as a nail driven in a sure place, sending its roots downward and its branches upward."

At a recent temperance gathering an orator exclaimed: "The glorious work will never be accomplished until the good ship temperance shall sail from one end of the land to the other, and with a cry of 'Victory!' at each step she takes shall plant her banner in every city, town and village in the United States."

Another speaker said that: "All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen land." "We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts and leaves the ashes in our hands."

A man who was troubled with a slight swelling at the back, called on a doctor who carefully examined it and said: "I do not find anything serious there, but it is well to keep your eye on it for a few days."

—*National Union.*



DE WATERMILLION.

Don't you see dat watermillion, a-smilin' fru de fence!
 How I wish dat watermillion it was mine;
 Oh! de white folks must be foolish, dey need a heep o' sense,
 Or dey wouldn't leave it hanging on de vine.

CHORUS:

Oh! de ham-bone am sweet, an' de bacon am good
 An' de possum fat am berry, berry fine—
 But, give me, yes give me, Oh! how I wish you would:
 Dat watermillion hangin' on de vine.

You can talk about your peaches, your apples and your pears
 And de simmon hangin' on de simmon tree—
 But bless your heart my honey, dat truck it aint no whars
 For de watermillion am de fruit for me.

When de dew drops dey am fallin' dat million's gwine to cool,
 An' I know den it will taste most awful fine
 An I'se gwine to come and fetch it, or else I is a fool.
 If I leaves it dare a hangin' on de vine.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

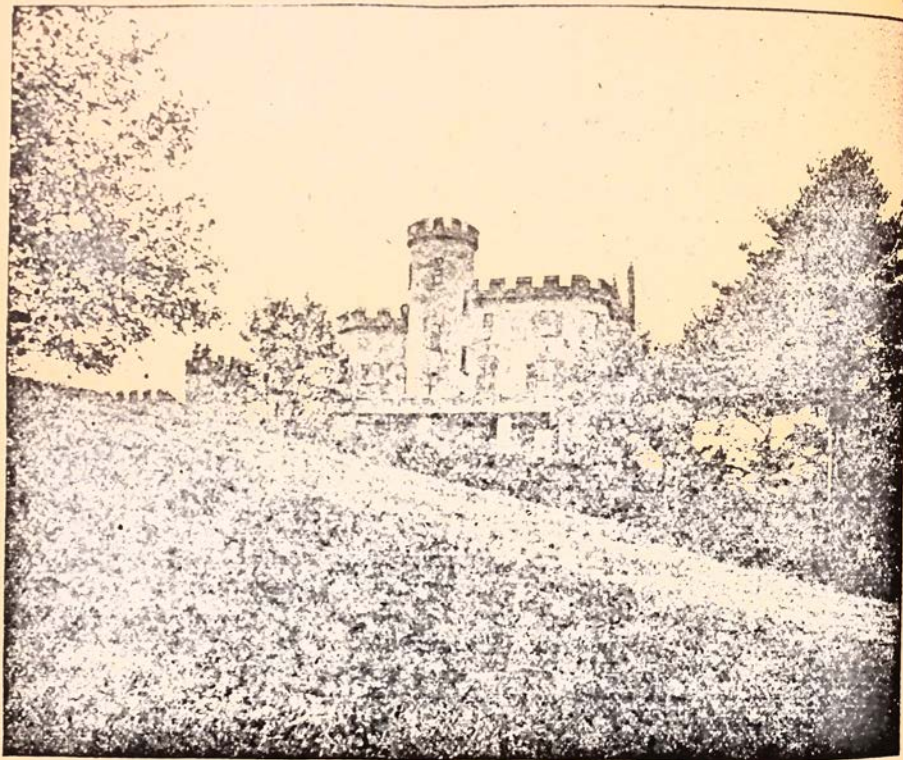
If any of our readers have ever passed through any strange, peculiar or curious experience, we would like to have them write out the facts for this magazine. You may not lay any claim to being a writer, but never mind that, the facts are what we want.

Danced with a Corpse.

In Spain, when a person dies, the body is frequently removed to the undertaker's shop a few hours after death. In one of the largest of these establishments in Madrid some years ago an extraordinary sight was witnessed. A gentleman was brought in his "casket" one afternoon and placed in the room set apart for that branch of the business. The proprietor lived over his premises, and on this special evening was giving a grand ball. When the ball was at its height, a gentleman in full evening dress suddenly joined the company. He danced with the wife of the undertaker, and he danced with the undertaker's daughter, and he thoroughly enjoyed himself. The undertaker thought he knew his face, but didn't like to be rude and ask him his name; but by and by all the guests departed, and the strange gentleman was the only one left. "Shall I send for a cab for you?" said the host at last. "No, thank you," replied the gentleman; "I'm staying in the house." "Staying in the house!" exclaimed the undertaker; "who are you, sir?" "What, don't you know me? I'm the corpse that was brought in this afternoon!" The undertaker, horrified, rushed to the mortuary room and found the coffin empty. His wife and daughter had been dancing with a corpse. An explanation, of course, followed. The gentleman, who had only been in a trance, had suddenly recovered, and hearing music and revelry above, and having a keen sense of humor, had got out of his coffin (the Spanish coffin closes with a lid, which is only locked just previous to interment) and joined the festive party. He was presentable, as in Spain the dead are generally buried in full evening dress.

There is always plenty of work for good men to do, often too much.

—Exchange.



AN ENGLISH CASTLE IN AMERICA.

The above cut represents a castle, copied from one that was built in mediaeval times in England, which till recently stood on the banks of the Merrimac river in Newburyport Mass. It was built by Sir Edward Thornton, then the British minister to this country, as a summer residence. After the expiration of his term of service it was sold to a wealthy resident of Newburyport, and was occupied by him for a number of years. It was situated on the crest of a hill, surrounded by pines of the primeval forest, and was a landmark for miles around.

QUAINT POEM.

The House of Hate.

Mine enemy builded well, with the soft blue hills in sight;
 But betwixt his house and the hills I builded a house for spite;
 And the name thereof I set in the stonework over the gate,
 With a carving of bats and apes, and I called it the House of Hate.

And the front was alive with masks of malice and of despair,
 Horned demons that leered in stone, and women with serpent hair;
 That whenever his glance would rest on the soft hills far and blue,
 It must fall on mine evil work, and my hatred should pierce him through.

And I said, "I will dwell herein, for beholding my heart's desire
 On my foe," and I knelt, and in vain had brightened the hearth with fire;
 But the brands they would hiss and die, as with curses a strangled man,
 And the hearth was cold from the hour that the House of Hate began.

And I called with a voice of power, "Make ye merry, all friends of mine,
 In the Hall of my House of Hate, where is plentiful store and wine;
 We will drink unhealth together unto him I have foiled and fooled!"
 And they stared and they passed me by; but I scorned to be thereby schooled.

And I ordered my board for feast, and I drank in the topmost seat
 Choice grape from a curious cup: and the first it was wonder-sweet;
 But the second was bitter indeed, and the third was bitter and black,
 And the gloom of the grave came on me and I cast the cup to wrack.

Alone, I was stark alone, and the shadows were each a fear,
 And thinly I laughed, but once, for the echoes were strange to hear;
 And the wind on the stairway howled, as a green eyed wolf might cry,
 And I heard my heart; I must look on the face of a man or die!

So I crept to my mirrored face, and I looked, and I saw it grown
 (By the light in my shaking hand) to the like of the masks of stone;
 And with horror I shrieked aloud as I flung my torch and fled:
 And a fire-snake wreathed where it fell, and at midnight the sky was red.

And at morn, when the House of Hate was in a ruin, despoiled of flame,
 I fell at mine enemy's feet and besought him to slay my shame.
 But he looked in mine eyes and smiled, and his eyes were calm and great;
 "You rave or have dreamed," he said; "I saw not your House of Hate!"



ASTROLOGY

CONDUCTED BY DR. DEROLLI, HOTEL PELHAM, BOSTON



Lucky and Unlucky Days, November-December.

These predictions will not fit into every life with accurate details. They are safe deductions from planetary relations and will be found helpful and in the main quite correct. Of course, to get at an individual experience and to take advantage of precise work a chart of each person must be studied.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

1. Sunday. Four bad aspects of moon will tend to unfortunate influences both in social and general affairs.
2. Should be favorable for new deals, or for vigorous action upon old. Judgment should be good.
3. Tendencies toward controversies. Don't argue or sue. Keep out of a wrangle.
4. Very mixed influences. Your peculiarities will stick out and produce irritation unless you measure words and subdue sharp tendencies. Don't fight.
5. Full moon. Yesterday's cautions will apply to today.
6. Much better, but don't blame others if they differ from you. Be considerate.
7. You will make no headway today. Go carefully.
8. Sunday. Keep quiet. You and it won't agree.
9. This is all right if conservative. If you are rash and impulsive you will put your foot in it.
10. Great day for love, but don't be silly about it. Act right out like a man, she will respect you all the more. Women like a manly lover and they hate one who tires them all out before he says it.
11. It's astonishing how many poor days we have. This is a mean one particularly for dealing with opposite sex.
12. Here's another.
13. This improves, in fact you better use it. Don't take risks or buy foolish stock or lottery tickets.
14. Fairly good day. Well enough for things that have been previously started.
15. Sunday. If you are wicked and do business you will probably lose. Cross grained influences all day.
16. Start out good and strong. You ought to make a success of a matter.
17. Fairly good only, safe for old matters rather than to begin a new.
18. This will do very well. Not big but you should work it. Better not journey much by water.
19. New moon and fortunate. Pitch in.
20. Safe for conservative acts. Not very good socially.
21. Bright, keen, wideawake. Make the most of it.
22. Sunday. Influences are good. Let your attitude be the same.
23. All right for any proposition. Your mind will be very bright and clear.
24. This is all right. The poorest side of it is personal contact or a hasty act. Carefully and you are safe.
25. Safe again. Good chance for you especially in making decisions.
26. Same as yesterday.

27. You will be rattled unless you are very careful. Don't discuss or argue. Keep still.
28. Better but not yet out of the woods.
29. Sunday. First class all round day.
30. Same. wind the month up well.
19. Fairly good. Afternoon is best. How lovely is Saturday night when we have tried all the week to be good.
20. This is the reward for trying to be good—a splendid day for all mental exercises. Acts, decorous. One of the best days in the month. Better go to church even if you have to walk home alone.

DECEMBER, 1903.

1. Not a good day to start a matter: day improves after 2 p. m. Better to pay than to borrow.
2. Mixed conditions all day. Move prudently in act and speech.
3. By noon a decided improvement begins which will warrant your best activities.
4. Forenoon good, balance poor. Keep out of mischief after 6 p. m.
5. You will make no great headway today, or in things that you start today.
6. Sunday. Featureless.
7. Good for all sorts of business up to 2 p. m. and good for a fight any time after that hour.
8. Bad. Keep cool. Measure words. Morbid. Dull.
9. All right. Here is the day you have been waiting for. Business. Writing. Social. Tip-top.
10. Here's another. Don't let these two days slip by you.
11. Everything slips back. Temper, opportunity, methods, all askew.
12. If you can wait till about 3 p. m. then go it.
13. First-class: a good day for all purposes.
14. Almost as good. Good to ask favors.
15. The latter part of the afternoon is very good. Forenoon dull.
16. While not a very strong day, it is fairly good for conservative actions.
17. Better. Begin matters. Beg her pardon if you have been hasty. She is all right. Don't be jealous.
18. A restless mind all day. Don't get excited and do foolish things.
21. All right after breakfast. Don't slip and get an injury.
22. Rather a tricky day. Moon plays antics with Mars, Saturn, Venus and Sun. Keep your eyes wide opened.
23. Sun enters Capricorn. The afternoon and evening are quite favorable for any important acts.
24. Good. Get your purse out and buy something for some one less favored. Give to those who cannot give to you.
25. Christmas! And all that the day means. The day is made to order for everything that is nice. Let all of your acts be worthy of day.
26. A little reaction but not bad. A restless and undecided mind is the distinguishing feature. Be calm and it will be satisfactory.
27. Sunday. By church time the day is in good shape. Put on those Christmas gloves and fixings and go to church: but don't be looking round to see what others had given to them. Watch the preacher.
28. Fine. Put your plans into execution. Clean things up and get them into compact shape.
29. Fine up to supper time. Poor evening. Danger of saying just the wrong things at the wrong time to the wrong person.
30. The business part of the day is good. Don't look solemn and cross at breakfast and make somebody unhappy all day.
31. Splendid ending. Best influences. Do it.

We have traveled another year. My best wishes go to you for 1904. Good Luck.

Your stars tell!

DEROLLI.

Y^e Quaint Magazine

Published Monthly at Boston, Mass.

OUR MOTTO: "TO BE DIFFERENT."

Subscription price, 50 cents per year. Six months, 25 cents. Single copies, 5 cents. Foreign subscription, 4 shillings. Advertising rates, 10 cents per agate line. Positively no free copies.

QUAINT PUBLISHING CO.,

7 St. Paul Street,

Boston, Mass.

Finding this notice marked you will understand that your subscription expires with this issue

Entered as second-class matter June 16, 1903, at the post office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

OPPORTUNITY.

Shakespeare said "There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." The gem of verse in the centre of this page says the same thing in another way. What does it mean? It may mean any thing or nothing. I should say that opportunity was the doing of the thing nearest at hand, doing it cheerfully, earnestly, goodnaturedly always keeping a sharp lookout ahead for the next best thing. The stars may govern to some extent, there may be such a thing as chance" but in "luck and would be nothing either case there in any other gained by pursuing any other course than that outlined above. To sit down sullenly and be- moan our seem- ing misfortunes would only be to invite more of the same experiences. Cheerful- ness and good nature will win, while sullen soberness slides down to sloth or suicide.

OPPORTUNITY.

BY JOHN JAMES INGALLS.

Master of human destinies am I!

Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait;

Cities, and fields I walk; I penetrate

Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by

Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late

I knock unbidden once at every gate.

If sleeping, awake; if feasting, rise before

I turn away. It is the hour of fate

And they who follow me reach every state

Mortals desire, and conquer every foe

Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,

Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,

Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,

I answer not and I return no more!

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

✻ CORRESPONDENCE and EXCHANGE. ✻

Quaint readers who desire to correspond on any subject of mutual interest or to exchange photo prints, specimens, curios, etc. are invited to make their wants known in this column. Questions will be cheerfully answered by the editor on any subject and he may be called upon for help or suggestion or commissions of any sort.

WANTED:—Small Indian arrow head of pink jasper. Must be genuine and symmetrical. Address, stating price, X 44, this office.

WANTED:—June 1902 number of this magazine in good condition. A year's subscription given in exchange. Address this office.

WANTED:—Genuine Indian blanket in exchange for books and subscriptions to magazines (not back numbers). A generous amount of literature will be given. Address the Bungalow, South Wellfleet, Mass.

WANTED:—To exchange souvenir post cards of interesting scenes, particularly of the west and south, and of foreign countries, for those of New England. C. S. Morse, Amesbury, Mass.

WANTED:—A copy of "Burk's Closet Companion" a book now out of print. Address H. Goodacre, Flora, Ind.

WANTED:—A copy of *Medical Sketches*, in two parts, by John Moore M. D. First American edition printed at Providence R. I. by Carter & Wilkinson 1794. Address Dr. J. Le Van Bender M. D., Penn Yan, N. Y.

WANTED:—Advanced thinker, American, musician, well educated, desires the acquaintance of a lady interested in any phase of the New Thought except Christian Science, and in Sociological questions, particularly the Sex question. Object, mutual improvement. Address Advanced Thinker General Delivery, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.



TROUBLE.

A Michigan man owed another man \$10. It was due on Tuesday. At midnight on Monday night, the man who owed the money came around, woke his friend up and told him he couldn't pay the bill.

"It worried me so I couldn't sleep, and so I just thought I'd tell you now," he said.

"Dern it," said the other man, "why didn't you wait till morning? Now I can't sleep, either."—*The Lyre*.

ODD ADVERTISEMENTS.

Contributions for this Department are solicited. Send the entire page of the paper containing the advertisement if possible.

In the New London, Conn., *Gazette* in March, 1819, appeared the following singular advertisement :

THE SUBSCRIBER,

Being determined not to move from this State, requests all persons indebted to pay particular attention to his

New definition of an old Grammar, viz. :—
Present Tense.

I am*	}	I am, Thou art, He is,
Thou art†		In want of money.
He is‡		Indebted to me
		Shortly to be authorized,
		for the want of things
		thereof, to take the body.

Unless immediate payment is made you must expect to take a lecture upon my new plural.

The subscriber offers for sale, at his store, two rods south of the fish market, the following articles, viz. :—

Solid Arguments—Hot oysters, boiled lobsters, ham and eggs, butter and cheese, etc.

Agitations—Cider, vinegar, salt, pickles, etc.

Grievances—Pepper sauce, mustard, cayenne pepper, etc.

Punishments—Rum, brandy, gin, bitters, etc.

Superfluites—Snuff, tobacco, segars, pomatum, etc.

Extraordinaries—Sea serpents' bones, wooden hoes, water witches, etc.

N. B.—The above articles will be exchanged for

Necessaries, viz. :—Bank bills at par, crowns, dollars, half ditto, quarter ditto, pistareens, nine-penny pieces, four pennys, half penny ditto or cents.

Terms of Payment.—One half of the sum down, and the other half on the delivery of the articles.

Rudiments gratis, viz. :

Those indebted for.	Arguments
Must not be	Agitated
Nor think it a	Grievance
If they should meet	Punishment
For calling for such	Superfluities
Nor think it	Extraordinary
That I find it	Necessary
To demand immediate	Payment

ANDREW SMITH.

*Andrew Smith. †Any one the coat fits.
‡Hezekah Goddard, sheriff's deputy.

This one is from the *Virginian-Pilot* and appeared during the present year

WANTED—A Young White Man to assist in detective work and to handle bloodhounds under my supervision. Enclose stamp. I now have a pack of four bloodhounds and am prepared for work. Any and all calls will be attended to promptly. Charges are very reasonable for the present. Any information leading to the whereabouts of my son Shelley, will be appreciated. HURRICANE BRANCH, Detective, Suffolk, Va.

The following has also been in print, but its genuineness cannot be vouched for.

WANTED—A wife for my papa. He is 6 feet 7 inches in height, is fair complexioned, with dark eyes, has a Roman nose, and dresses in the latest fashion. I promise good treatment to my future stepmother if she suits me. Young ladies (or widows) with means but without children will please address Miss X, Post-Office, L.

It would be interesting to know if this young lady found an applicant to suit her requirements.

BRIEF BOOK REVIEWS

BY QUAIN TICUS

I believe that book reviews should, as a general thing, be short and to the point. What is wanted is a brief hint as to what the book is, and then you will be able to judge if you are interested in it.

Charms, by Jacob Keith Tuley. This is a finely-printed booklet of forty pages, making a short inquiry into the origin and use of charms and talismans in all ages of the world. The author has handled the subject skilfully and given us a common sense view of the subject. In this book the charm is shorn of its superstition although the author claims that they do have an occult power for good or evil. He tells us how the wearer may use a charm reasonably and systematically to bring good health and good fortune, and how the opposite of these may be resisted by the same means. Here are one or two brief quotations. "Every one who has the least romance in his soul is interested in charms—and that includes every normal human being." "Any precious stone will make a good charm. It should be a precious stone simply because a precious stone is a durable and unchangeable work of nature of the highest order." "No one need be afraid that any stone may be unlucky. The positive power of the mind that knows is stronger than the negative power residing in the stone." The book has wide margins, with an antique cover in two colors. It opens flat, which is a thing all books should do. The Reasoner Publishing Co., San Luis Obispo, California. Price 25 cts.

¶ ¶ ¶

The Photographic Exchange, 16 Marye Terrace, San Francisco, Cal. is like the mustard seed of the parable in Holy Writ, being the smallest of all photographic magazines, but embracing the interests and activities of a movement of world-wide scope, which grows and grows, until one day, in good faith, it will include all the amateur photographers in the world. Putting parable and similitude aside, it is the organ of the International Photographic Exchange, a "get together" society which is giving pleasure and profit to thousands of the discerning ones of the craft who find interest in exchanging their photographic productions with other workers. Twenty-five cents brings it a whole year with full membership in the society for the

same length of time. Better send your subscription or write for a sample copy and prospectus before it passes out of your mind.

RELIABLE ADVERTISEMENTS

MOST MEN

Require something to spur them onward in the race for success. The publishers of the magazine called

"The Spur"

Fully realize this important fact and conduct this unique periodical along lines well calculated to inspire confidence and nourish the germs of success. "The Spur" is filled with entertaining articles that will prove good reading to any man ambitious to get on in the world. It is specially helpful to clerks and merchants, as each month it contains many fine half tone pictures and ideas for window trimming, advertising and card sign painting. The subscription price is only 50c. a year. Sample copy free. Agents wanted everywhere to take subscriptions. Liberal cash inducements

Write to-day.

The Spur Publishing Co.

138-140 West Fourteenth St.,

New York City.

† † †

The Progress: (Minneapolis, Minn.,) an interesting eight page weekly paper devoted largely to literary matters. "The Poet's Corner" is given up to the publication of original poems. "Foster's Weather Forecasts" are exceedingly interesting. "Magazine Reviews," "Music and Musicians" and "Plays and Players" are entertaining departments. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00, single numbers 5 cts.

A Horrible Discovery.

A maiden in Kalamazoo
Is feeling exceedingly blue
She discovered a shocking
Big hole in her stocking,
And as she had been downtown that
morning and had encountered
some muddy crossings she is
greatly mortified to think some
young gentlemen of elastic
necks whom she highly esteems
may have hit upon the same
startling discovery and have
been greatly edified thereby.

—*Exchange.*

Some Queer Titles.

Mendicants are criminals, nine-tenths of them, with criminal records, is the report of those who have investigated these wretches who are allowed to parade their simulated miseries upon our streets. Those who are in fact legless or armless have lost those undesired and useless organs as tramps in stealing rides on railroad trains, etc., and even the few really blind of the many who pretend to be so were made so purposely, or are glad that they are so. New York city is ridding itself of these impostors by the simple expedient of showing up their frauds. In the slang of these worthies, "New York is jim-mied." By taking the good arms out of splints or the sound legs out of casts, exposing the sham blind, and the malingering, paralytic, punishing the frauds, etc., the streets are cleared of them.

Other cities are yet to learn a lesson. "Chi Slim" made a large income, some \$50 a week for years, in an hour or two a day, playing paralytic. "British" was, almost as successful. "P. P." is the name given by the fraternity to the plaster-of-Paris bandage men. The "sap" men are the crutch and cripple frauds. The "cane" men are those who go

RELIABLE ADVERTISEMENTS

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This is the only way I have of introducing myself to the many sincere and worthy occult students I will say I was born in Egypt in 1861, educated in Europe (University of Barcelona) and sixteen years of my life was spent in the Orient, including Turkey, Persia, India and Thibet. I say in plain, honest words that I am the only man in America to-day that has credentials from the Hindoo Priest and the Dalai-Lama of Thibet. I have just printed a neat little pamphlet which fully explains the unforbidden secrets of this strange country. I will send one copy FREE to sincere occult students only. Write me at once, enclosing stamp, they are going fast. Address, DR. J. T. BETIERO, 2960 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill. U. S. A.

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no farther than the cane. The "human crab," the "human dog," the "human alligator" are other types. The "crust thrower" is the fellow who slyly drops a moldy crust of bread before the passer-by and then seizes it as if with hunger. The "duckets," or "dockets" are those who parade signs, verses, etc., on placards. When "Florida Shine," "Boston Charlie," "Toronto Peg," "The Crane," "Dutch Harris," "St. Louis Joe," or "Chi Slim" get arrested his companions of the trust contribute and hire a lawyer for him or secure means for his escape.

—*American Medicine.*

Ojo de Buey.

On the inside page of front cover will be found the advertisement of this marvellous little jewel. Skeptical people are invited to send to Mr. Benton for his book of testimonials, which contains some remarkable experiences. Purchasers are permitted to return the jewel within thirty days and receive their money back if they are not fully satisfied. This is very honorable and is the only proper way to do when dealing with people at a distance. Ojo de Buey is more commonly known as the original "Sailor's Lucky Stone."

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Par excellence Food as a substitute for all animal fats, vegetable and Nut Oils. Those who use it once use it always.

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or Kneipp Store 111 E. 59 St.



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I will restore ONE patient in each neighborhood to health FREE of charge, no matter what, or how serious the disease. Confidence in my ability to heal is my reason for making this offer. "A healed patient is one's best advertisement." Address with stamp.

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LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

A Fortune Ahead.

"You say you have something that will make millions for both of us if properly worked? What is it?"

"I've got a splendid name for a new breakfast food. All we need is something to eat to fit it to and a lot of display advertising."

—*The Commoner.*

Dollars Want Me,

Is the title of a most unique book advertised by Mr. James Russell in another column. It is well worth 10 cts. of anybody's money.

Simon Peter in Tears.

This is an old anagram. The letters in the above sentence can be made into *one* word

One year's subscription to YE QUAIN T MAGAZINE to *each person* sending the correct answer.

The following is suggested as an appropriate epitaph for J. Pierpont Morgan's grave:

He rests beneath the earth he made his own
And God once more is running things alone.

.....

Get ten friends to give you ten cents for a trial subscription. Send us the \$. We will send you the magazine one year and your choice of a fine book on Astrology, Palmistry or Phrenology.

.....

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teaches how to overcome every condition and bring all things into line with your desires, by the power of thought and will. Price 25 cents. Address

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Get A Big Mail of sample magazines, papers, etc. Send your name and 10-c. U. S. Directory, 240 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.,

HOUSEHOLD LABELS, for jams, jellies, preserves etc., 100 postpaid for 10c.

The Atoz Press, Amesbury, Mass.

Weather Predictions.**NOVEMBER, 1903.**

The month as a whole will be noted for rain, sleet, warm spells and quick changes. With the exception of dangerous conditions which appear from the 18th to the 23rd the month will probably be uneventful. On the dates just named a severe cold snap will come, extending generally over the country. It will be a month when outside work should be closed in and everything put into shape for winter. There will be danger to trees and shrubs from severe sleet and damp snow loading and breaking down.

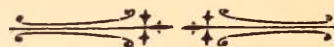
DECEMBER, 1903.

Soon after the opening days warmer weather and throat troubles will appear. Rain followed by snow with high winds. Don't wear too thin clothing for changes are quick and sudden cold may appear on the edge of a warm day. From the tenth for a few days, probably including the fourteenth very marked changes particular in northern states, snow, sleet, high winds, extreme cold. Very peculiar positions of planets occur from 17th to 20th and we shall have in that period a full assortment of every thing that the winter market encourages. Heavy overcoats, long legged boots and all sorts of winter furnishings will be needed. If you like to shovel snow and get a lame back you will have a chance from 19th to 21st. In fact the whole latter portion of the month is full of disturbing influences. Travel will be impeded and important journeys should be made with full allowance of time for broken schedules and tedious waits.

These weather predictions are made by **DR. DEROLLI**, Scientific Astrologer, Hotel Pelham, Suite 411-412, Boston, Mass. and are made expressly for Ye Quaint Magazine.

RELIABLE ADVERTISEMENTS**Lucky Stone Free**

A booklet on the original and unequalled talismanic jewel, Ojo de Buey, will be sent to any address on receipt of stamp, giving privilege of 30 days' free trial of the jewel. **G. E. BENTON & CO.**, 131 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. U. S. A.



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7 Saint Paul St.,

Boston, Mass.

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The January number contains the illustrated horoscope of Miss Alice Roosevelt and Napoleon; February number, Emperor William of Germany; March number, Pope Leo 13th; April number, Gen. Nelson A. Miles. Send at once and I will give you a typewritten reading of your life and description of "whom you should marry."

Prof. A. R. POSTEL, Lansdowne, Pa.

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Resurrection of Adam and Eve.

Their "sin" and what came of it. With list of Health and success lessons in Etheric Vibration. Mabel Gifford, D. L. S., 15 cents. Great demand for

Private Letter to a Friend

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Charms: Reveals secrets of the Magi. Tell how and why charms have occult power. How they may be used to attract good and resist evil. Send ten cents for booklet and sample copies of Reasoner to J. K. TULEY, San Luis Obispo, California.

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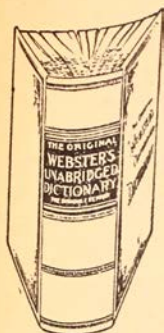
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